THE WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, January 9, 1809.

The Annual Address of the Men (thirty-one in Number), who distribute the Sherborne Mercury, to their Customers and Friends.

AGAIN the Sherborne laureat lays
On Beauty's ſhrine his mite of praiſe;
The genuine offspring of a heart
That ſpurns at flattery's ſervile art—
Unpoliſh'd—yet as pure a gem
As ever grac'd a diadem.

Ye friends of ſcience, for whoſe pleaſure
I duly bring my weekly treaſure—
For whom (whatever ſtorms prevail
Of rain, or ſnow, or pelting hail)
Thro' long and dreary paths I trudge it,
Back'd with a literary budget,
Your faithful Mercury once more
Pays grateful homage at your door:
Not like the meſſenger of Heaven,
To whom a winged cap was given,
(A gift by all good Chriſtians dreaded,
Importing that a man's light-headed)—
No, Ladies! 'tis the poet's quill
That brought me firſt, and brings me ſtill:
'Tis wiſdom leads me to your dwelling—
Wiſdom—which virtue's friends excel in;
And whilſt I ſhew my Chriſtmas box,
(Tho' ſomewhat like a paradox)
The *heavier* the burthen feels,
The *lighter* are my heart and heels.
Nay! do you doubt?—Then, cram my coffer;
I'll bear whatever weight you offer,
And ſhew you how a newſman ſprings
When *angels* lend him *ſilver wings*.

Believe me, Ladies, 'tis a bliſs,
At ſuch a dreary time as this,
Your lingering moments to engage
With many an entertaining page;

Where mirth and ſober truth uniting,
Prove both to old and young inviting.
And ſhould you, in ſome favour'd hour,
Invoke the Muſes' magic power—
Or in the ſimple garb of proſe
Your ſecret ſentiments diſcloſe,
Whate'er the ſource of your diverſion,
'Twill find in *this* a prompt inſertion.
Here, ſnatch'd from dull oblivion's ſhades,
Odes, ſonnets, rebuſes, charades,
In *Poet's Corner* find a ſtation,
And kindle ſparks of emulation.

How throbs the ſtripling's anxious breaſt,
By mutual hopes and fears impreſs'd,—
What tremor whelms the abſent lover,
When opening ſwift the *ſcarlet cover*,
He finds ſome fond memento there—
Some ſolace from his diſtant fair!
—Tho' oft the aged will refuſe
Their approbation of the muſe,
I've known it by a ſage aſſerted,
(Nor can the peeviſh controvert it)
That men, to poetry devoted,
In virtue's paths were ever noted,
And ſhine conſpicuous in the page
That names the worthies of the age.

So much for "ENTERTAINER!"—next,
Let "SHERBORNE MERCURY" be my text.
"The *Sherborne?* (cry you)—hold, good Sir,
"The Sherborne needs no trumpeter."—
With reverence to your worſhip's ſhoe-tie,
'Tis not *neceſſity*, but *duty*,
That leads the grateful muſe to name
A paper long upheld by fame:
A paper which, for circulation,
May challenge any in the nation.
Maſter will frown at what I ſay,
As if I dealt in flattery:
But truth is truth—ſo do his worſt!
For I muſt *out* with it—or *burſt*.
—In *this*, a medium will appear
Of wafting knowledge far and near—
Of aiding commerce—news diffuſing—
Not only needful, but amuſing.
An ample fountain, whence proceeds
(Like ſtreamlets thro' the parching meads)
Full many a ſcientific rill,
The public reſervoir to fill.

Heavens! what a period of commotion,
Both on the continent and ocean,
Has (fraught with expectation) paſs'd
Since I addreſs'd my patrons laſt!
And ſtill the *criſis* ſeems afar
To blunt the venom'd ſhafts of war.
An awful Providence, too wiſe
To be diſcern'd by mortal eyes,
Still ſends the ſcourge of nations forth,
(Like ſome fierce whirlwind from the north)
Fir'd with a demon's madd'ning rage,
To ſcare a too luxurious age.
Such dread *uncertainty* prevails!
Such veering breezes ſwell the ſails

Of

Of politics,—the fearful muſe
Caſts a deep veil o'er fancy's views,
Nor bids anticipation form
A refuge from th' impending ſtorm.

England, be firm! but not confide
Too ſtrongly in thy circling tide;
Nor let the patriot flame, that fires
Thy ſons with liberty's deſires,
Impel thee to a liſtleſs reſt;
For what are arms or hoſts, unbleſs'd?
Mere feathers to an infant given
To check th' impetuous winds of heaven.
The wiſe and good to God will flee;
For God muſt crown the victory:
'Tis *He* that forms the wond'rous plan,
And rules the deſtinies of man.

WAR is a theme that, at the beſt,
Rends every feeling of the breaſt,
And ne'er was doom'd to rouſe a lyre
Unaided by poetic fire;
Much leſs to fill a nerveleſs line
So void of energy as mine.

Oh! 'tis *my* prayer (and, doubtleſs, your's),
That ſoon, on Albion's fertile ſhores,
The beauteous olive may appear,
Unſullied by misfortune's tear!
Yes! come, ſweet Peace! and in thy train
Bring Joy to ſoothe the widow's pain!
Bring Hope to orphans! To the poor
Bring Plenty, with her ample ſtore;
And let the bounties of thy hand
Diffuſe Contentment through the land.

And now, my generous friends, adieu!
'Till I, ſome twelve months hence, renew
My votive lay! And may you know
The beſt of bleſſings here below!
And may thoſe bleſſings ever prove
Sure teſts of brighter ones *above!*

ADIEU!

—But ere I crack my *lyric fiddle*,
Pray juſt expound a ſimple riddle,
And *on my hand* your *anſwer* ſhew:
"What's that which makes the mare to go?

Mode of Conducting the Newfoundland Fishery.

THERE are few people acquainted with the great Newfoundland Bank fishery, which is of ſo much importance to this nation, and employs many thouſands of people from England and Ireland.

After croſſing the Atlantic with every requiſite neceſſary to proceed on the fiſhing voyage, (leaving England about the beginning of March), they generally come to ſingle anchor, on what are termed "the Banks of Newfoundland," in the month of April, which are in length from 150 to 200 miles; in breadth,

they may be considered narrow. There are two fishing banks, the outer, and the inner; the outer bank is about 150 miles or more off the land; the inner is from 80 to 100 miles off the shore. They seldom fish on the outer bank, from the great depth of water, being from 90 to 100 fathoms deep, unless it is when they cannot find any fish on the inner bank. They generally cast anchor and fish, in about 45 and 50 fathoms of water, with two, and some with three hooks to each line; and dreadful work it is, at so early a period of the year, from the excessive coldness of the climate, the great fogs natural to that part of the world, and the intense coldness of the water, they being obliged to haul the fish from such a depth as 40 and 50 fathoms.

There are pounds or inclosures made on the deck, for each fisherman to throw what he catches; the best place for fishing is supposed to be the larboard bow, and the larboard quarter; at the latter place the mate fishes, and the boatswain on the bow. There is erected a little stage in the midships of the vessel, on the starboard side, at which sit, in a barrel, the headder and splitter, men who are engaged for that very purpose, and who do not fish; the headder cuts open the fish, tears up its entrails, and forcing the fish against the edge of the stage, breaks off its head, and drives the fish over to the splitter opposite him, who immediately, with his sharp splitting knife, lays it dexterously open, and cuts off the sound bone from the back of the fish, when he lets it slip off from the stage on a shute, which conveys them down into the hold of the vessel, where there is a man stationed ready to receive them, who is termed the salter; he immediately lays them, spread out regularly in rows, and throws strong bay and St. Ubes salt on them, where they generally lie about a month, or until the vessel has a good cargo of them. The liver is separated from the fish on the platform, and falls through the stage into large casks, to make oil from. The head, garbage, and sound bones, fall beneath the platform, or stage, and are kept on the deck until they become a burden by their weight, in causing the vessel to heel much on her side, and when there is a great sea running, it makes the vessel ride at her anchor very disagreeably. It is usual, when they throw this off overboard, to weigh anchor, and run two or three miles from it; for if they throw it overboard where they fish, the fish will follow what is thrown overboard, prey upon it, and neglect the bait which the fishermen use to decoy the fish to the hook. The writer of this has seen, when fish have been caught in great plenty, that in about three days, (during the summer), of those which lie under the stage, towards the bottom, on the deck, nothing has been left but the bone, all the rest as completely dissolved as if quick-lime had been thrown on it.

When

When the vessel has got a sufficiency, she comes into her port to get rid of her burden. The fish are thrown into what is called a ram's horn, (a square wooden thing, perforated with holes, to admit the water to pass to and from), when the fish are tumbled about and well washed, afterwards thrown up on a stage or wharf, and laid out again by men employed on the fishery on the shore. After the fish has lain some little time on the stage, it is taken on hand-barrows, and carried on the flakes, places erected about nine feet above the ground, so as to admit a current of air to pass under, and covered over with fir-boughs and other branches of trees, on which it is placed to dry, day after day, until it becomes sufficiently cured and solid, so as to keep for a considerable period of time. Every night, during its process, it is brought into round piles, covered over with birch-rinds, with weights on it, to keep the wet and damps out. It is curious to see how extremely busy the people are when it is likely to rain, or on a shower coming on, to gather up the fish, as the rain very materially injures it. The vessels generally stay but three days in the harbour, before they go out again on the banks to prosecute their voyage. They make about four, some five, trips for cargoes during the season, which usually closes about the latter end of September. The equinoxial gales frequently put a stop to it, by causing the loss of cables and anchors, and otherwise disabling of the vessels, as the sea runs in those gales tremendously high, and many vessels have been known to founder at their anchors at this closing season of the year.

The poor fellows, in some vessels, fish from four o'clock in the morning, 'till eight at night, and then keep watch regularly afterwards; so that when fish are plenty, they are almost worn out, for those who keep watch, whilst the other part sleep the little time they have to go below, fish during the night.

In other vessels, where the captain is a humane man, he will let the fishermen have their proper rest by night, and fish by day, excepting a small watch that must be kept up, to see whether the vessel drives, by the anchor giving way.

On Sunday (a day that ought to be devoted to pious exercises and religion,) the men are employed in regulating and fixing their fishing tackle during the morning, and in the afternoon go to their cabins, or else catch squids, a squalid kind of fish, which, during the latter part of the fishing voyage, is used to catch the cod with.

The diet which these hardy men have, is nearly the same every day, (during the time they are on the fishery,) namely, what is called chowder, for breakfast, dinner, and supper; this is made in the following manner:—a fish, just caught, is hung up, and the fins stripped off, it is skinned, and then cut up in large pieces, and put into a kettle, under which is laid some

rashers

rashers of salt pork or beef, and some broken pieces of biscuit, then the whole is just covered with water, and boiled about ten minutes, with some dry herbs, if they have any, and a little thickening. This mess may disgust many people at the thought of it, but the writer of this can assure them, that it is very palatable, and extremely nutritious, and the men employed in the fishery get very fat upon it.

Sundays they are allowed some beef and pudding, but the beef is generally Irish, excessively salt, and, when boiled, dry and hard, and scarcely any fat to it. In some vessels they are allowed this on Thursdays.

There is what is called the shore fishery; this is carried on by large open boats, called shallops, which go out and return every day nearly, and fish very near the shores; the fish which these boats take are small in size, well cured, and are, in general, the best; though the bank fish are by much the largest, yet they are not so much esteemed as what is caught close to the shores.

Those vessels which go to the land early in the year, have to make their way through islands of ice, and sometimes are in great danger, through the great beds of ice which float along that iron-bound shore to the southward.

The island, on approaching it, has a rough appearance, rugged and mountainous, at the same time covered with thick wood, and scarcely a field to be seen all along the shore.

THE VILLAGE CURATE;

Or, As you Like it.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

THE voluntary contributions of the surrounding peasantry, that so amply supplied the wants and necessities of Mrs. Benley and her family, were not confined to the narrow limits of this obscure village: the venerable pastor, in the gloomy confines of a prison, tasted of the grateful bounty; and the sorrows of the wretched captive found alleviation in the affectionate concern of his parishioners. Not a week passed, but some one of the village attended the market; and none ever entered the gates of the city without paying a visit to Mr. Benley.

It was on one of these market-days, that Farmer Welford, having disposed of his samples of corn to a purchaser, waited on the good old man. He found him in a small room, remote from the thoughtless herd of debtors, who sought to bury their cares in riot and dissipation, indulging the religious habits of

his

his mind, and pursuing his pious meditations. The sight of any of his parishioners was a cordial to the drooping spirits of Mr. Benley. He received them with undissembled pleasure. His anxieties, his griefs, though not forgotten, were suppressed, while conversing with his friends; but, at the moment of separation, they returned with increased poignancy, and it required the utmost efforts of his mind to support the painful—"Adieu!"

"Eternal God!" exclaimed the weeping father, "must I no more enjoy the sweets of liberty! Shall I no more behold my humble cot! and must those shrubs, those flowers, which art has taught to twine around my lattice, unfold to some stranger's eye their fragrant blossoms? Must I no more, at close of day—the fond partner of my bosom leaning on my arm, the sweet pledges of our mutual love in playful fondness attending on our steps—must I no more, at this sweet hour, along the deepening vale extend my rural walk, attentive to the thrush's song, or the happy milkmaid's artless ditty!—Must I no more, on the brow of some beech-crowned hill, my station take, to view the stately vessel scud before the breeze! or, down the sloping cliff, urge my peaceful way; and, on the sea shore pensive listen to the lashing waves, and mark the frothy surge's due retreat!—No! these joys are vanished; happiness flies my void embrace; and misery, want, and wretchedness, press hard on my declining years. These were the pleasures which faithless fortune once bestowed. How changed the scene! Here, when night her sable mantle o'er the face of heaven begins to spread, nothing is heard but the dismal rattling of chains; doors of massy iron, grating on their hinges, appal the timid soul; while horrid oaths, and dreadful imprecations, wound the listening ear. O Welford! my soul sickens at the scene; and philosophy scarce can shield my mind from the horrors of despair!"

At this moment the gaoler entered the room, with a letter for Mr. Benley—"The hand is unknown to me," said he, looking at the superscription. "It has a goodly outside," said the gaoler: "pray Heaven, it prove not like the world; fair without, and foul within."

"Why, truly, friend," returned Mr. Benley, "your satire upon the manners of mankind is not unreasonable. It is, I fear, the maxim of too many of the present age, to conceal the depravity of the heart, beneath the specious appearance of honesty. The termagant female, when some fair youth strikes her fantastic fancy, will assume a peaceful mien; 'till, falconer like, she lures the tassel to her power, then throws the mask aside. The libertine, who sighs to clasp the blooming virgin in his unchaste embrace, will swear eternal constancy and love; and invoke even Heaven itself to witness the integrity of his

passion; yet, no sooner has possession cloyed the appetite, and desire sickens, than he forgets his vows and leaves the too incautious maid to mourn her fond credulity, and his ingratitude. This, however," continued he, breaking the seal, "I think, bodes no harm; I will therefore inform myself of its contents."

And now, gentle reader, do I most sincerely wish for the pencil of the inimitable Hogarth, to pourtray the features of this trio; to which language cannot give expression, nor the most lively conception do justice. Here sat the reverend father, with placid countenance and mind serene, prepared to meet, with complacency, the smiles of fortune, or to combat with success the frowns of adversity. Near him stood the goaler, whom nature had cast in too soft a mould for the iron-hearted profession; and on his right hand was seated the honest farmer. In the countenance of these, hope's dawning smile was sweetly contrasted with the dusky frown of trembling fear. Now hope shot forth her brightening beam; now, fear veiled, with her murky cloud, the gilded prospect; and each, by turns, the balance swayed.

At length, Mr. Benley, raising his eyes from the letter, ended their suspense—"It is well, my friends," said he: "Goodness is still extant; and innocence enjoys the guardian care of providence. The contents of this letter will best explain my meaning—

"*To the Rev. John Benley, at the Castle of Norwich.*

"REV. SIR,

"The enclosed notes, which I find, on enquiry, will cover to the whole of your debts, wait your acceptance. They are the gift of one, on whom fortune has bestowed more than he can claim on the score of desert; and who anxiously hopes, while it restores to you those most enviable blessings, liberty, and domestic happiness, he has left no clue by which a discovery of the donor may be effected."

Here the goaler broke out into a swearing fit of joy; the farmer, whose emotions were too violent for utterance, could only express his pleasure by his looks; while the grateful pastor threw himself on his knees; and, in a fervent pathetic address, to the giver of all goodness, poured forth the grateful transports of his soul.

While the bounty of the generous Trueman was thus employed in releasing the worthy curate from the horrors of a prison, he himself was no less assiduous in soothing, by every act of benevolence and hospitality, the anxiety of the family at home. His urbanity and complacence had already obtained him the good opinion of Mrs. Benley; and the amiable

Charlotte began to view him with a sisterly regard. If the graces of his person pleased her eye, his generosity of sentiment, and nobleness of soul, excited her admiration and esteem. Trueman cultivated her good opinion with an anxious solicitude, that bespoke her dear to his heart; and he had the happiness to know that he was not indifferent to the object of his love.

With the assistance of his communicative landlord, he was become acquainted with every transaction that had occurred in the village for at least twenty years back; and from this source he had the painful information of innumerable abuses which his faithless steward had committed on his indnstrious tenantry; all which he was determined speedily to redress, and to punish with severity their ungrateful author. On this subject were his thoughts employed in one of his evening walks, when he was rouzed from his meditations by the sudden exclamation of a female voice; and, raising his eye, beheld, on the opposite side of the hedge, the fair object of his affections endeavouring to avoid the importunities of a gentleman who was pursuing her.

"Stay, lovely Charlotte!" said the stranger. "Why my fair enslaver, do you fly me thus?"

"Why, Sir," returned the affrighted girl, "are you so importunate?"

"Because," answered he, "I wish to remove the cloud of sorrow that hangs on your brow. In short, because I love you. Who could behold beauty such as your's, and live a stranger to affection!"

"Affection!" returned the lovely girl, while the glow of honest indignation increased the vermillion of her cheek; "view your recent conduct to my father, then say if affection bore a leading feature there?"

"On honourable terms," said he, "I sought your hand, which you in scorn refused. Had then your father laid on you his commands, and forced you to be mine, he had escaped my just resentment."

"My choice was free, Sir," said the indignant maid; "and, perhaps it was my nature's fault, I could not love you. But excuse my abruptness," added she, withdrawing from her persecutor; "should we be seen thus discoursing, the discovery would not add to my reputation."

"This contempt, child, is very pretty!" said the unfeeling monster; "but it shall not divert me from tasting the ripe beauties of those matchless charms." Then, rudely snatching the struggling beauty to his loathed embrace, impressed on her lovely lips the guilty purpose of his passion. At that instant, rage and indignation fired the soul of Trueman; who, darting through the hedge, seized the rude ravisher by the throat, and

hurled him to the ground. "Detested monster!" cried the enraged youth, "I know thee well; Thou art the faithless steward of the misused Belfont. Already has thy fame reached thy master's ears: nor think, vile ingrate, that he will suffer thy villainies to escape with impunity." Then, taking the almost fainting Charlotte by the hand, he hasted from this fallen Lucifer; leaving him to the torment of his guilty thoughts, and in utter astonishment at the mysterious words.

The fluttered spirits of the amiable Charlotte hardly supported her from the presence of her base assailant, before she sunk lifeless into the arms of her deliverer; who, urged by fear, placed her on a bank, and ran for water to a neighbouring rivulet, and besprinkled her features with the cooling drops. Soon, to his wishes, she unclosed her lovely eyes; and, fanned by the gentle breezes, recovered from this state of transitory death.

"You tremble still, my Charlotte," said the enamoured youth; "and, by your disordered looks, seem to doubt your safety."

"O no!" faintly answered the grateful fair; "where Trueman is, suspicion has no dwelling."

"Enchanting sweetness!" exclaimed the enraptured lover, catching her hand and carrying it to his lips. "Oh! my lovely Charlotte, never 'till this hour of danger did I know how dear an interest in my heart you held. Would my sweet girl but kindly listen to my artless tale, would she but give my ardent passion one approving smile——"

"Alas!" interrupted Charlotte, rising from her seat, "I have no smiles to give. On any other subject, I will hear you: but, 'till again my father breathes the air of freedom, 'till from the chains of bondage he is freed, I have foresworn all joy."

"Till that blest period," said Trueman, "when fortune shall cease to persecute thy venerable sire, and give the captive to his weeping friends, my passion in concealment's painful bosom shall dwell immured, if then thou wilt give my artless tale attention! This only do I ask: grant me but this; and hope, like a fond parent, shall nurture my love, and lull to rest each intrusive care."

"Then, by my hopes of bliss hereafter," said the lovely maid, "I vow, when that happy hour arrives, I will not chide thy fondness. But tell me, if you know, what means this sudden joy that through the village reigns? How sweetly sound the merry bells! while every breeze from yon shouting throng wafts the breath of pleasure."

"And see," said Trueman, "where to my Charlotte's cottage they bend their steps! It is, methinks, no vulgar cause that

that swells this lond acclaim!—But, see! your brother comes, the harbinger of happiness!"

"Oh, Charlotte!" said Harry, as he drew near them, "our dear father is come home again. Farmer Welford brought the news that he was on the road; and the whole village went to meet him. They took the horses from the chaise, and dragged him to our cottage. My mother cries for joy, and sent me to seek after you. Make haste, my dear sister, my father longs to see you. And do you, Mr. Trueman, come too; my mother has told him what a kind friend you have been. I will run back, and say you are coming."

"Now, now, my Charlotte," said Trueman, "indulge this flood of joy, nor check the soft emotions of the soul. These tears become thee; which, like the fleeting shower that bathes the summer's day, give fresh lustre to the charms of nature."

"Is that which I have heard derived from truth?" asked the astonished Charlotte; "or is it but the dream of fancy? My father released from prison! By whom?"

"Why," said Trueman, "should you question whence the gracious bounty came! It is sufficient that he is returned. Think, my dear Charlotte, the measure of his bliss incompleat, 'till in his paternal embrace he folds thy lovely form. Hasten, then, to increase and share his merited happiness." Then, folding her arm in his, he hurried towards her dwelling.

Mr. Benley, at the moment of their approach, was seated at the door of the cottage, surrounded by many of his parishioners; when Charlotte, breaking from Trueman, rushed into her father's arms, exclaiming—"My dear, dear father!" The enraptured parent mingled the tears of fond affection with those of filial gratitude; and every countenance beamed with smiles of joy. Nor was the welcome of the worthy Trueman wanting in cordiality; but, when the lovely Charlotte related her rescue from the hated Sandford, the murmur of applause fell from every tongue, while the grateful father strained the gallant stranger to his heart by the endearing name of son.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Letter from Mr. Bourne to a Young Lady, written just after visiting a Country Church-yard.

I am just come from indulging a very pleasing melancholy in a country church-yard, and paying a respectful visit to the dead, of which I am one day to encrease the number. As the solemnity and awfulness of the place does instantly affect the beholder, the solitude and silence of it does equally

dispose him to attention and meditation; so that we no where find a more useful and improving retirement. Every monument has its instruction, and every hillock has its lesson of mortality.

I have, by this means, in a short space of time, read the history of the whole village; and could tell the names of its principal families, for the last thirty or forty years: I might perhaps go a little higher; but here, by the injury of time and weather, the register begins to be interrupted, and the letters are generally so defaced, that if an inscription can be made out, it is not without much difficulty and conjecture.

It is not however without great compassion I see the kind endeavour of the survivor, to preserve the memory of a departed friend, so soon frustrated and disappointed. To continue the remembrance of the deceased, though by a mound of earth, a turf of grass, or a rail of wood, is an instance of affection and humanity, equal to the most costly monuments of brass and marble, in every thing but expense and duration: and yet how perishable are even those! how fruitless is the expense, and how short the duration!

The church-yard I look on as the rendezvous of the whole parish, whither people of all ages and conditions resort. It is the common dormitory, where, after the labours of life are over, they all lie down and repose themselves together in the dust. The little cares and concerns they had when living, are here entirely forgotten; nor comes there hither any uneasiness or enmity, to disquiet or interrupt their rest. The jealousies and fears, the discontents and suspicions, the animosities and misunderstandings which embitter men one against another, are all determined; here end all resentments, and contentions.

We have this satisfaction withal in death, that it is a state of perfect equality. The rich and the poor, the young and the aged, the wise and the foolish, all lie down together, and are blended in the dust. Here it is that no one is greater or less than another; for rottenness admits of no distinction, and corruption has no superiority. The fairest shall be a stench, and the most beautiful shall be loathsome. Rejoice, thou then that art despised; and be comforted, thou that art lightly esteemed; for the time cometh, when the haughtiest shall be made low, and the meanness of the great be as thine; the despitefulness of the proud, and the loftiness of the scornful, shall be humbled together, and the foot of the beggar shall trample on them.

I will allow that the pomp of a great man may adorn his funeral, and flattery may attend it with coronets, pedigrees, and banners: whatever is beyond, is nuisance only and abhorrence. The sepulchre too may be painted without, but within

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is full of filthiness and uncleanness; and the corpse may be wrapt in velvet, and fine linen, yet in velvet and fine linen it shall rot: the leaden coffin and the arched vault may separate it from vulgar dust; but even here shall the worm find it, nor shall his hunger be satisfied 'till he strip it to the bones. In the mean while, the laboured epitaph is mocking it with titles, and belying it with praises: the passenger must be staid, to lament its loss; and the reader is called upon to weep, that a person illustriously descended should be so like the rest of his fellow creatures—as to die.

The procession may be long, and set off with all the finery that pride can invent, or money can purchase; in so much that women shall stand amazed, and children shall hold up their hands with astonishment: yet all this midnight shew, which has raised the curiosity of multitudes, and with purposed delays has increased it into impatience, can go no further with him than to his grave; here must all his states leave him, and the honours are his no longer.

Having thus amused myself in contemplating the vanity of human greatness; what is it, said I, that can thus make us startle, and shrink at the thoughts of death? The mighty and the rich of the world may tremble, but what is the sting of death to those, whose life has been altogether misery? or what power has the grave over the unhappy? is it not rather a refuge from violence and oppression, and a retreat from insolence and contempt? is it not a protection to the defenceless, and a security to him who had no place to flee unto? Surely in death there is safety, and in the grave there is peace; this wipes off the sweat of the poor labouring man, and takes the load from the bended back of the weary traveller: this dries up the tears of the disconsolate, and maketh the heart of the sorrowful to forget its throbbing; it is this eases the agonies of the diseased, and giveth a medicine to the hopeless incurable: this discharges the naked and hungry insolvent; and releases him from his confinement, who must not otherwise have come thence, 'till he had paid the uttermost farthing: it is this that rescues the slave from his heavy task-master, and frees the prisoner from the cruelties of him that cannot pity. This silences the clamours of the defamer, and hushes the virulence of the whisperer. The infirmities of age, and the unwearinesses of youth, the blemishes of the deformed, the phrenzies of the lunatic, and the weaknesses of the idiot, are here all buried together; and who shall see them? Let the men of gaiety and laughter be terrified with the scenes of their departure, because their pleasure is no more; but let the sons of wretchedness and affliction smile and be comforted, for their deliverance draweth nigh, and their pain ceaseth.

With

With these and many other reflections, which the compass of a letter cannot contain, I left the chambers of the dead. What first occurred to me after this solitary walk, I have communicated to you: at present perhaps you may think them little worthy your regard; or look on them at best as the product of a sickly and distempered brain. A lecture of mortality, to a maiden in the prime of her health and beauty, you may suppose can come only from a gloomy and disturbed mind, to fortify and prepare the soul against the day when the face of the fairest shall gather blackness, the heart of the strongest shall fail, and the mirth of the most frolicksome shall depart from him. The prospect, I believe, may be unwelcome; but unseasonable it cannot be, while youth is subject to diseases, and while beauty is deceitful. I desire you to accept of this night piece, drawn by an artless hand; and when that hand shall be mouldering in dust, to peruse the picture, and then be assured that though it be artless—it is true.

It must be the frequent perusal of gravestones and monuments, and the many walks I have taken in a church-yard, that have given me so great a distaste for life; the usual sight of mortality, corruption, and nakedness, must inevitably lead one to a serious reflection on the vanity of all worldly greatness. The very pride of a man, considered in this view, is his reproach, and his haughtiness becomes his shame.

From this representation of human meanness and frailty, may be drawn excellent lessons of humility to the ambitious, and very comfortable instructions to the dejected and low-spirited.

Amidst the various interruptions and diversions of life, which take up by far the best and most valuable part of it: there is one thought still, ever and anon, arising in the mind; which is, what shall the end of these things be? This is a thought that will not be wholly stifled and suppressed: for the answer is ready, peremptory, and convincing—The end is death.

If death then be, as it undeniably is, a cessation from vanity, for such is almost every thing we call pleasure; what courage and constancy, what manliness and resolution, does it not require, to be at once stripped of all those dear enjoyments which engage and destroy so considerable a part of our lives.

There lives not that man of gaiety, who would not be startled with the thought of being snatched away from his delights; yet what is more frequent!

A prisoner, who has deluded himself with the expectation of a reprieve, would be extremely shocked to be called away from the midst of his mirth to execution.

FASHIONS

FASHIONS *for* JANUARY.

WE have been so long in the habit of complaining of the weakness of our fair countrywomen, in exposing their persons to the inclemency of the weather, that it is with much pleasure we record the costume adopted this month, and preparing for the ensuing. In the days of our grand-dames, the rank of a lady was known by the fineness of her cloth, the colour, and the richness of the *point d'Espagne* that trimmed it; the gold clocks that adorned her purple or scarlet stockings, were also a certain mark of nobility. Her petticoats were of cloth; her gown velvet, or rich brocade, with gold lace laid on the bottom of her petticoat, and, like Molly Maybush, in the farce, a beautiful cardinal, trimmed with gold, covered all. The same cardinal is now a favourite covering, made of purple or scarlet cloth, trimmed with fur or plush, with or without arm-holes, with a large hood to occasionally cover the head-dress. Gold trimmings are confined to the full dress cloth pelisses, and caps worn by our elegantes in the morning, and to the evening cloth and velvet dresses. The preparations for the celebration of her majesty's birth-day, are light cloth robes, richly embroidered with gold or silver, trimmed with fur; draperies of velvet, satin, or lace, with gold, silver, or fur ornaments. The colours that most prevail are royal purple, morone, scarlet, and bright ruby; for presentation, white velvet robes, spangled or embroidered, will be the favourite. Her majesty's birth-day is always considered the commencement of winter—balls, parties, routs, &c. will follow, and we shall then have to present our readers with the dresses worn by the most admired of our nobility and gentry.

OLIVER CROMWELL's HOUSE, WHITEHALL.

THERE is scarcely a neighbourhood in town, but is said to have had a house which was occupied by this celebrated usurper: Islington, Clerkenwell, and Westminster, were full of those said to have been his residences; but the one best entitled to credit, is that lately the property of —— Wilson, esq. situate near Craddick's-row, Whitehall, whose family has occupied it in succession, from the decease of Oliver. This place, singular in its outward appearance, was trebly so within: long dark passages, double doors, grated wickets, subterraneous labyrinths, intricate closets, detached rooms, and gloomy windows, form its model; and the furniture every way corresponding to such a dwelling, has been carefully preserved; and, on the demolition of the premises, conveyed by Mr. Wilson to his seat in Hertfordshire. Among other articles of a

curious description, were some of the protector's clothes, watch, and some antique bronzes.

One room was particularly curious, as being the place selected by Cromwell for consultation with his confidants: the floor was composed of small pieces of wood to resemble a tesselated pavement, and a retreat furnished against intrusion or surprise, by a sliding pannel in the wainscot, that led to a dark staircase, rendered only safe in descent by a rope, similar to those formerly at the galleries of the theatres.

That Cromwell was in continual fear of assassination is well authenticated; and it is known that no person, during his usurpation, knew where he slept, which in some measure accounts for the variety of houses he is said to have inhabited. Many attempts were made on his life, and some persons were apprehended, found guilty, and executed for plots against him.

Character of the Usurper, Richard the Third, by Sir Thomas More.

"RICHARD was little of stature, crokebacked, hard favoured of visage, and such as in states called warlye, in other menne otherwise. He was malicious, wrathful, envious. None evil captain was he in the warre, as to which his dispocicion was more metely than for peace: sundrye victories hadde he, and sometimes overthrows but never in default, as for his owne parsonne, either of hardinesse or polytike order. Free he was called of dyspence, and somewhat above his power liberal. With large giftes hee gat him unstedfaste frendeshippe; for which he was fain to pil or spoyle in other places, and get him stedfast hatred. Hee was close and secrete, a deepe dissimuler, lowleye of countenance, arrogant of heart, outworldly compinable where he inwardly hated, not letting to kiss whom he thought to kill; dispicious and cruel, not for evil alway, but after for ambition, and either for the securitie or encrease of his estate. Frende and foe was much what indifferent. Were his advantage grew, he spared no man's life, whose death withstood his purpose."

The observation that Richard "with large giftes gat him unstedfaste friendship; for which he was fain to pil or spoil in other places, and get him stedfaste hatred," may be extended to the greater part of usurpers recorded in history; whose system it has always been to rob Peter to pay Paul, but who have uniformly found resentment to be a more lasting as well as lively passion than gratitude, and hence very often their downfall and ruin.

ORIGIN *of the* WORD DUN.

SOME falsely think this word is derived from the French, where "donnez" signifies "give," implying a demand of something due; but this expression owes its real birth to one Joe Dun, a famous bailiff of the town of Lincoln, who was so extremely active, and so very dexterous at the management of his rough business, that it became quite a common expression, when a man refused to pay his debts, to say to him, "Why don't you Dun him?" that is, "Why don't you send Dun to arrest him?" Hence it became a custom, and is now as old as since the days of King Henry the Seventh.

CAUTION TO SPORTSMEN.

IF you are shooting with a gun having a bad lock, it would be a *safe* way to charge first, and prime afterwards, and then to keep *up* the muzzle.

Seould you observe the following articles, one dont know that you will do yourself, or any other person, in shooting, any material harm, viz.

1st. Have, if possible, a clean gun, and also a clean and well-oiled lock, with a good flint.

2d. Carry your gun half-cocked, and keep up the muzzle.

3d. If you beat your flint, the gun being charged, take care not to let it *point* at any person.

4th. If you half cock your gun, don't let go the cock 'till you have sufficiently tried if it was quite safe.

☞ Some locks probably would fall at half cock'd.

5th. If your gun flash in pan, be sure not to take it from your shoulder at that instant, but hold it up a little while, and if it should not go off, in any reasonable time, whilst at your shoulder, take it down cautiously, keeping up the muzzle at the same time.

6th. After shooting, if you should carry your gun, loaded, into a house, put it out of the reach of a child, and leave the ram-rod *in the barrel*, to shew that it was loaded.

7th. If you are going to shoot with a gun that has been loaded a long while, get out the charge, and then wipe out the gun, or flash a little powder.

8th. If you have a gun that you never shot, or *saw* shot with, be cautious with it; for some guns are not so good in the barrel as some, and if you are going to shoot with it load it lightly, and in firing (for once) do not hold your left hand before the lock, but hold it *behind* the lock, in case it should burst.

W. B.

Answer, by J. Colley, of St. German's to T. Whicker's Charade, inserted the 7th of November.

GOOD NEWS, Sirs, surely it would be,
If peace and plenty we could see.

☞ A similar answer has been received from W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater.

Answer, by H. B. of Bridgewater, to J. Melhuish's Charade, inserted the 7th of November.

HAP-HAZARD is the chance, as I surmise,
Which in your lines you labour'd to disguise.

*** Similar answers have been received from J. Saunders, of Exeter; W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; W. Kent, near Camelford; C. Crews, of Newton Abbot; G. Spry, of Egg Buckland; F. Arden, P. G. and Samuel Duck, of South Petherton; J. W. of Charmouth; P. Prinn, a fifer in the South Devon militia; a youth; R. Withall, of Plymouth; and R. Gidley, junior, of Dean Prior.

Answer, by J. Ball, at Evershot School, to R. Withall's Rebus, inserted the 7th of November.

PLEASURE, dear Sir, if I am right,
Will bring your rebus into sight.

*** We have received similar answers from J. French, and J. Patten, at Evershot school; W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; J. Saunders, of Exeter; P. G. and F. Arden, of South Petherton; J. Prinn, a fifer in the South Devon militia; J. W. of Charmouth; and J. Melhuish, of Honiton.

A REBUS, *by Rusticus, of Awliscombe, Devon.*

A Town in Westmoreland survey;
A town in Cornwall next display;
A town in Cheshire call to mind;
A town in Yorkshire you must find;
A town in Cumberland select;
A town in Somerset detect:
The initials will, when join'd aright,
A town in Devon bring to sight.

A CHARADE, *by J. A. Dyer, of Taunton.*

TO name my first that place must be obtain'd
Where Albion's sons have lasting honours gain'd;
My next (tho' oftentimes a parent's joy)
Doth frequently his peace of mind destroy;
When winter stern, with unrelenting hand,
Spreads devastation thro' the sterile land,
The houseless wretch beholds my whole with dread,
While tempests pour on his devoted head;
But when mild spring appears, with genial reign,
And glads the heart of every nymph and swain,
The feather'd choir exult, with tuneful voice,
And nature's face doth in my whole rejoice.

POETRY.

A WINTER SONG.

ONE night, when as usual, we foresters met,
And with honest October were just getting wet,
Then came an old goblin, so grim and so grey,
That, alarm'd at the sight, we were hastening away.

All shivering and chattering with cold he appear'd,
Whilst the icicles rattled that hung on his beard;
'Twas needless the name of our guest to inquire,
We all cried—"'Tis WINTER, so stir up the fire."

Then thus spoke the sprite, and his breath blew so chill,
That our ale seem'd to freeze, ere a glass we could fill:
"I am he, Oh ye mortals! whose coming ye dread,
Break up your carousals, and hasten to bed.

Do but hear the storms howl, that attend in my train,
How sharp drives the hail, and how wild beats the rain;
And see how the snow falls, and hearken that sigh,
Which the cold biting wind breathes along the north sky.

O'er nature in triumph I now hold my court,
Such times as these surely were not made for sport;
Then be sad as the season while with you I stay,
And joy not be seen from November to May."

"Not so, ancient monarch," we all cried at once,
You shall join in our glee, or we'll break your old sconce;
Mend the fire, fill our pitchers, let laughter go round,
With a flaggon of stingo our guest shall be crown'd.

The louder his storms blow, the louder our mirth;
He shall hear all our jokes, while we sit round the hearth;
Thus we'll welcome dark WINTER as long as he stays
'Till his old frosty face shall look bright at the blaze."

By degrees he grew merry, but still he kept sober,
Until we had quaff'd our twelfth jug of October,
Then reeling he roars out—"My hearties, well done!
Be my season henceforward the season for fun."

ON A SIGH.

GO, mournful sigh! haste to my fair,
And to her what thou know'st declare;
Tell her that thou wert so opprest,
Within the prison of my breast,
That having broke the goal, thou fledst to her for rest.

But if unkindly she deny,
Then shall thy wretched gaoler die;
And by this means thou shalt be free
From thy confinement, she from thee,
And I from all my grief and wretched misery.

But yet, poor mournful breath! beware
Thou dost not draw from her a tear.

For

For if thou dost, I will confine
Thee to this hollow breast of mine,
And give thee no more leave or time to wander there.

For who can tell but she may be
So loving as to pity thee,
And of thy sorrow notice take,
And entertain thee for my sake
In paradise of joy and full felicity.

ODE ON INDOLENCE.

By the Rev. JOHN PROCTOR, *late of Trinity Hall College, Cambridge.*

I Do not woo thy presence, indolence!
Goddess, I would not rank
A votary in thy train;

I do not ask to wear thy fett'ring flowers,
Thy languid cheek displays
No sunny hues of health;

There is no radiance in thy listless eye,
No active joy that fires
Its sudden glance with life:

I do not wish upon thy downy couch,
As in a conscious dream,
To doze away the hours.

But to thy sister, leisure, I would pour
The supplicating pray'r,
And woo her air benign:

Nymph, on whose sunny cheek, the hue of health
Blooms, like the ruddy fruit
Matur'd by southern rays;

Whose eye-beam sparkles, to the speaking heart,
Like the reflected noon
Quick glancing on the waves.

Her would I pray, that not for ever thus
Th' ungentle voice of toil
Might claim my daily task.

So should my hand a votive temple rear,
Thro' many a distant age,
That liberty should stand.

Long should the stately monument proclaim
That no ungrateful heart,
Leisure! receiv'd thy boon.

IMPROMPTU,

On the Soldiers being deprived of their CUES.

WHEN Cue, in the pride of his charms,
Cut off, from the occiput fell,
His friends and companions in arms,
Thus bade him a mournful farewell:

" Believe us, we ne'er can forget thee,
Nor cease thy sad loss to bewail;
E'en our foes shall have cause to regret thee,
For henceforth we can never.—*turn tail.*"

H. R. W.